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SIXPENCE

AN IMPERIAL FOREIGN policy, on which all the constituent parts of the Empire have been consulted and on which they are in complete agreement, is a consummation devoutly to be wished for, but is it wholly practicable? Under present conditions, as Mr. Menzies, the Australian Attorney-General, pointed out in a recent London speech which has aroused considerable comment in the Australian Press, the foreign policy of the British Commonwealth is to a large extent in the hands of the Foreign Secretary of this country. The Dominions might claim absolute equality in the formation of foreign policy, but as things are "the great issue of peace and war will be much more determined by the gentleman who sits in a room looking across the Horse Guards Parade than it will be by my colleague in Canberra or one of our colleagues in Canada or South Africa. The nations of the world will not be prepared to sit down for a few weeks or months while the members of the Commonwealth have an intimate chat as to what they are to do." If, he went on, the Empire was ever to have one voice in foreign affairs—and he was strongly in favour of one voice, not six—"to speak with clarity and with a proper authority," it would be necessary greatly to improve our methods of consultation and to see how far it could be made possible "to consult every Dominion at the right moment and with a mind which is open until that Dominion has spoken." Mr. Menzies then mentioned how the telephone had been used for Commonwealth Cabinet consultation when Ministers were scattered thousands of miles apart in various corners of Australia, and proceeded to visualise a time when science would enable the Empire's statesmen to get together and "to speak with one voice which will be the voice of peace." Assuredly an intriguing speculation. But meanwhile the Dominions' obvious desire for closer and more regular consultation might perhaps be met by recognising the right of their High Commissioners to participate in all British Cabinet discussions on foreign affairs developments.

THE PROBLEM OF OFFICIAL Secrets in a democracy is difficult. It is easy to say that M.P.'s are responsible people fit to be trusted with any secrets, but on the whole election to Parliament is a poor proof of discretion. Probably as a body M.P.'s are more talkative and indiscreet than any other division of the State. Yet the excuse for their existence is the influence they exercise on our rulers, and that influence demands access to much information that can so easily be labelled secret. The military mind rejoices in secrecy, because it saves such a lot of trouble. What is known to everyone on the Continent can be swathed in swaddling clothes of hush hush and concealed from our fellow citizens to the end that

unpleasant questions should not be asked and responsibility be evaded. It seems unlikely that anything vital concerning our Air Defence has not long ago been ferreted out by foreign espionage, and inquiries and debates will probably end in a magnificent display of shutting the stable door on the stolen horse.

THERE ARE A NUMBER of people in this country who insist that General Franco depends more on foreign Powers than the Spanish Government; it would be interesting to know how they reconcile this belief with the obstructive tactics consistently pursued by the Soviet representation to the International Non-Intervention Subcommittee. On the face of it, the last thing that Russia desires is the withdrawal of volunteers; presumably because her friends will suffer more than the other side. There is little question that but for the assistance which has poured through France the Barcelona resistance would have collapsed long ago. Our advocates of peace at any price are stubbornly determined to prolong this civil war. The proposal for a neutralised harbour open to any merchant ships not carrying war material to the Barcelona Government might possibly provide a way out to the deadlock produced by the aeroplanes, but it would presumably result in a reduction of freight charges and seamen's pay. Certainly there would be a check to dangerous speculation, though it is quite on the cards that the harbours open to air attack would be very little less busy than they have been in the past.

THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR that officially even yet is no war, drags on its curious course, with the Japanese every now and then announcing yet another great success, which appears to make no difference at all to China's ability to carry on the struggle. The Germans, as a salute to the "Anti-Comintern Triangle," have just recalled their Ambassador to China, without, however, breaking off diplomatic relations with the Chinese: there being officially no war between China and Germany's Eastern ally, it would hardly have been correct for Berlin to take steps that might suggest that there really was a war in progress. Dr. Trautmann's policy of fostering German trade with China included, it appears, the import of a large amount of munitions and this, as one can imagine, was not calculated to please Tokio; hence the Japanese diplomatic pressure on Berlin to have the over-zealous Ambassador recalled. But if Dr. Trautmann has been removed from his post, there is no sign as yet of the German military advisers of General Chiang Kai-Shek departing from Hankow. Here, again, there is much cause for annoyance to Germany's Eastern partner in the "Triangle." All these complications, of course, are the direct consequence of

Japan's rather futile efforts to keep this war unofficial.

LORD LLOYD, PRESIDING at the annual general meeting of the Grand Council and members of the Navy League, made a special point, one is glad to see, in his speech, of the gravity of the merchant shipping problem, and, one fears, he had every justification for saying that the seriousness of the situation does not yet appear to have been appreciated by either the public or the Government. Yet there is no excuse for ignoring unpleasant facts which are so patent. Lord Lloyd had no difficulty in disclosing them. Our Pacific shipping, he said, had literally been driven off the seas, and we had completely lost our supremacy in the Far East to India traffic. Where we once owned 80 per cent. of the traffic between the Far East and Bombay, we now had 20 per cent. and other countries had 80 per cent. We had been driven entirely out of the Baltic, and he doubted whether there was a single shallow-draught steamer being built for the Baltic traffic to-day in this country. We bought all the timber from Russia, and in all commodities we bought far more from the Baltic and Russia than they bought from us. We ought to be in the position to say that those goods should be transported in British bottoms rather than in Soviet bottoms. Finally, Lord Lloyd pointed out that we were being driven out of the coastal trade, and our fishing fleet was declining. Before the meeting dispersed a resolution was passed supporting the Council in any plans it might adopt for educating the public on the importance of increasing the numbers of the mercantile marine. The "education of the Government" might well have been added, but at least one may hope that Lord Lloyd's speech and the resolution of this Navy League meeting will result in stimulating Whitehall to interest itself wholeheartedly in a hitherto much neglected sphere of National Defence.

ANOTHER TEST MATCH draw has inevitably provoked renewed agitation for a play-to-a-finish programme. On a "plum" wicket, with everything in favour of the batsman, the chances of a four days' Test Match ending in a draw are obviously fairly heavy; and with sides of the strength that both England and Australia can put into the field the limitation of the period of play assuredly does not make, as the final stages of the Trent Bridge match showed, for cricket at its brightest and best. In the second Test Jupiter Pluvius did manage to intervene with some success to add a certain amount of excitement to the play on Monday and part of Tuesday, but the actual finish, once Bradman got into his familiar century-compiling form, was rather tame. One conclusion, so far as the English side is concerned, is that in selecting the third Test eleven attention might well be paid to strengthening a little more our bowling department.

AT THE COOLING Galleries a trio of artists present Morocco with force and distinction. Jacques Marjorelle, a very accomplished painter, has three moods, naturalistic-sober and naturalistic-

gay for his people and experimental decorative for his landscapes, which are restrained and original. Nos. 6, 17 and 20 are among the best.

Camille P. Josse does large, slightly stylized etchings and has an effective way with buildings and rocks. Nos. 32 and 41 are particularly good.

Francois L. Schmied is primarily an illustrator in colour. Many reproductions of his work, which is better known abroad than in this country, may be seen at the gallery.

AT THE GOUPIL Gallery, Thelma Carstensen shows fair but undistinguished work. The water-colours please more than the oils because, though modest, they have some individuality, while the oils for the most part might be duplicated by any leading art school prizewinner. Nos. 4 and 20 may be commended.

EDGAR WALLACE'S STORIES of the adventures of Sanders are good reading and *The Sun Never Sets* (at Drury Lane) is a dramatised version of these, by Pat Wallace and Guy Bolton. As a spectacle the result is dashing and daring, boats go up and down the river and an aeroplane whirls at top speed across the sky. Incredibly wicked natives clothed in leopard skins prance wildly round kidnapping innocent young men, and incredibly good natives also prance but with virtuous intent.

In the middle of it all Leslie Banks as Sanders stands firm as a rock, quelling this and quelling that, rescuing damsels in distress and upholding the British Empire. It is all good fun and thrills, and the natives are real natives, and of course all ends happily with a bit of real romance to lighten the blood and thunder.

"COMEDIENNE," at the Haymarket, a play by Ivor Novello, is about a great actress who, having retired for many years, is to have a sensational "come-back." It isn't as simple as all that, however, for the plot is intersected with all sorts of intricacies. The "come-back" is a failure, but whether she fails on purpose or because she can't help it is not entirely clear. Miss Lilian Braithwaite plays this part with her usual insight. The rest of the cast are good, but serve only as a background to a star part.

THE CRAZY GANG are appearing at the Gaumont Cinema in a very free adaptation of W. A. Darlington's well-known farce, *Alf's Button*. The picture is called *Alf's Button Afloat*, and the six of them—Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, and Naughton and Gold—create a good deal of trouble on board one of His Majesty's ships before they finally get tired of rubbing the button and summoning the Genii. Like all entertainments with which this sextet is concerned, the humour is robust without being clever, and some samples of it are a great deal better than others. In this film the best moments come when Flanagan and Nervo masquerade as women at the ship's concert and when, having been provided with circus horses, instead of hunters, by the Genii, the six of them try to emulate John Peel.

Leading Articles

THE PROBLEM OF AIR WARFARE

HUMAN ingenuity is perpetually involving humanity in a sea of muddle and recriminations. Almost every tool which man invents to improve his condition in pacific circumstances has its lethal uses, and every new weapon calls forth an outcry of protest, which only dies down when that weapon has been superseded by another. The bow and arrow gave a treacherous advantage to the man who used it over the good, downright fighter who put his trust in sword and battle-axe, and arrows were apt to go astray and hit non-combatants. Villainous gunpowder took all the chivalry out of war, and it simply was not cricket that a knight in full armour, thundering down to meet another knight in similar armour, should be killed or disabled by a contraption which cancelled out muscular strength. As time went on, since man is by nature a fighting animal, the new inventions were hedged round with a certain number of safeguards calculated to make war more tolerable. Sir William Congreve came to Sir Arthur Wellesley in the days of the Peninsular War with a war rocket of which he was very proud. The Iron Duke sniffed and said that he had never in his life wanted to set a town on fire and that he could conceive no other object for a rocket. Again at Orthez he gave his word to Soult that not a British soldier would cross by the bridge if it was not blown up. He quite frankly did not wish to discommode the natives of Orthez, and Soult took his word for it.

Nowadays we say, like the French General watching the charge of the Light Brigade, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." Would Joffre or Foch have taken Hindenburg's word or Ludendorff have accepted Haig's undertaking to make no military use of any village in the war zone for the sake of the inhabitants? Obviously not. Would Wellington have used Congreve's rocket or promised not to use the Orthez bridge if victory had depended on it? Again, obviously not. Wars are fought to be won, and any general who risks success for a *beau geste* is justifiably subject to a court-martial. In the past there have been certain agreed arrangements which have slightly modified the rigours of war and have proved on the whole an advantage to the sides which adopted them, or at least no hindrance. On the face of it, it might seem expedient to kill all

prisoners, but experience has shown that it does not pay. So time has gradually modified the doctrine that might is right. One of the mitigations that only belongs to the last hundred years is the notion that the non-combatants should be spared the terrors of war. Not so long ago it was always the non-combatant who suffered most from the armies that lived upon him, and no aeroplane bombing can compare with the horrors of the sacking of a town. In 1812 our troops sacked Badajez and during the Great War the bombardment of open towns and villages was a commonplace.

To-day the development of air power has hopelessly confused the rules of war, and those who are most indignant about it are divided between two counsels, the one to abolish war altogether, the other to make war more humane, though fundamentally it must always be inhumane. It is argued that now the human lives are counted by the hundred thousand and the million, while in the past they could be summed up in hundreds and thousands. Actually, however, slaughter like everything else is relative, and it may be doubted whether casualties in modern war are in proportion any higher than in the past. Probably the ratio has fallen, for the diseases that once swept away whole armies are controlled, though Nature reminded natural science that she still has the last word when, after the War, influenza swept the world and within a few months slew more folk than all the explosives, bullets, poison gas and inventions of man in over three and a half years.

There seems very little chance of human nature changing and casting its pugnacity. To all appearances the world will go on making war and lamenting its horrors for many a generation and at the same time introducing here and there agreements to make it more tolerable. The air has taken all our rulers aback. Somehow it has to be fitted into our scheme of things, and it would seem the forlornest of forlorn hopes to suppose that aeroplanes can be abolished from warfare. As things are, their bombs are terribly casual things, striking without rhyme or reason targets for which they cannot have been intended. It is clear that every sane commander would prefer the bombs of his aircraft to find their target in military objectives; for so they work the greatest damage on the enemy. The idea of bombing a civil population into submission has been exploded by facts and experience. Half the difficulties with which our authorities are now faced in the bombing of British ships in Spanish Government harbours is their refusal to face facts and acknowledge General Franco as a belligerent. Nothing tangible has been gained by this attitude, which is on a par with our denial of the Italian Empire in Abyssinia. It is only by taking facts as they are that any regulations can be framed to keep within bounds the destructive powers of the aeroplane, and nothing could be more fatal, not only to general peace but to the solution of the problem, than a wild indulgence in threats which cannot be fulfilled. There is just one question that the Government have to answer: "Are we strong enough to assert our will?" If any affirmative answer has to be qualified, it is clear that they

must hold their hand until we have regained that strength which we sacrificed mainly to please those who would have us put it to the test blindly and immediately.

THE UMBRELLA

I POKED my nose out of my front door the other day with a view to coming to a decision as to whether I should take a stick with me, or an umbrella; for I am one of those benighted people who find it quite impossible to walk the lanes in the country, or the pavements in town, without some support. In the country, of course, a stick may have its uses, but in London it is generally an infernal nuisance; still, nuisance or not, I cannot do without it; for the stick, or staff, was in olden days emblematic of authority and, though a bowler or a homburg hat is hardly compatible with the dignity which should accompany it, yet with it in my hand I feel I am blessed with a tittle of power.

It was then with a certain irritation that I discovered that what I had vaguely surmised was true; it was raining. Not hard, but a nice light drizzle such as the English climate likes to bestow at all seasons of the year for no apparent reason. People who treat these visitations with contempt deserve the pneumonia they get, but I have tarried too long with rheum to want to make a constant companion of the gentleman. So I reluctantly put back my black cane, with its delicately chased silver top, whose square edges have now been worn smooth by the constant affection of my hands, and took my umbrella from the hall-stand.

As an umbrella it is not a poor one; but it has not the individuality of my stick, nor has it the look of an ancient sceptre from whose golden veins its modern cousin sucks its power. It is a poor thing with its crooked handle, and it does not give me such confidence, as perhaps it should, to reflect that, ugly as it is, it also is a symbol of might. Sultans and Nabobs have them spread above their heads to show the less fortunate where the shadow of majesty begins and ends—at times under such queer roofs as the South Kensington Museum. But these potentates have minions to hold the things up for them and the sun, not the rain, beats down upon the multicoloured silks. That may be all very pleasant and dignified, but the nearest one can attain to such an experience in this country is when one's caddy holds up one's large striped counterpart over one's head while waiting to play a shot. I have, indeed, been tempted to use this umbrella, instead of my black silk one, for the ordinary business of life, but such is the paradox of living to-day that, what appears to the chiefs of Africa and elsewhere a vivid and effective symbol

of office, would seem to one's fellow workers an object of ridicule. And ridicule is the last thing I want to see heaped upon it.

There was nothing for it, and there never has been since the days of the sedan chair, but to take out the black bit of folded mystery—did I say folded? Unfortunately not. There may be some people who can fold an umbrella; but I have only met one man who could and, as he had nothing much else to do all day when he was in the house, he had plenty of time for practice. I don't count him among the chosen, any more than I do the professionals at any other accomplishment; their standards are naturally higher than those of the majority who have to make time to do things like folding umbrellas, hitting or kicking balls about, or playing friendly games of cards.

Unfolded it was when I picked it up and, though since it was raining it did not really matter, my mind was already busy with the problem of what I should do with it when it ceased to rain. It was one of the few maxims which my father taught me—leaving my mother to struggle with the rest—that one should not fold an umbrella when it was wet, but like most other maxims, presented to me with so much pomp and circumstance when I was young, this one would have been perfectly broken long before now, had I been able to accomplish a neat and satisfactory fracture. It was, indeed, not for want of trying to disregard the good advice that I had failed entirely to do so. I had tried many times and would, I knew, make a further attempt that very morning if the sun gave me a chance, but I could not envisage myself succeeding. The trouble is that I go into battle with the thing without hope of success and that, as you know, is generally fatal to any enterprise. None may put a higher premium on the will to win than myself, but there comes a time when the will is worn out—I don't suppose Bruce would have tried again if the spider had kept him waiting any longer for an example of a triumph over adversity. Yet I do try—and I shall go on trying—no one shall say that I ever lay down in the ring without being hit—but the end, I know already, will always be the same. The wet pleats will be folded unevenly about the stick, the button will be upside down in relation to its loop, and about the top will be gathered a scalloped fringe, which dressmakers may envy, but which has nothing to do with those who make umbrellas. In addition—and this, like the Yorkshire pudding, is the most important part of the joint—my hands will be sopping and dirty while a fair sprinkling of water will have flown about my clothes. In spite of all that might come to pass, however, I shook it in the air on my doorstep, opened it with aplomb and stepped on to the wet pavements.

In a period of ferro-concrete it is not surprising that the iron enters into other things besides the concrete, and walking about the West End of London, which used to be pleasurable, has little to recommend it these days; for unless you know exactly where the bits are which have not been

spoiled, you have a small chance of finding them. They are becoming as rare as oases in the desert and, doubtless, will be marked in much the same way upon future maps of London and, eventually, the more famous of them will find themselves, like the old cries, nothing but a series of coloured prints.

I know a few such closes, set apart from the vulgar whole; and no fortune made from ferro-concrete or otherwise, will induce me to throw out so much as a hint as to where they stand—poor dwarfs in a city of giants—lest there be among you a builder, or a sharp-eyed, ambitious assistant who has never been given enough concrete with which to play. Down they would come, and I should be left to ask the whereabouts of these places, much in the same way as an eminent eighteenth century clergyman cried to heaven for a sight of Troy and the Maypole in the Strand.

Whether, however, you believe it or not, such retreats do still exist and, while I made my painful way to one among the massed battalions of concrete the rain stopped. Not suddenly, but with a gradual cessation, as if the master plumber had turned off the main many thousands of miles away, and left the pipe to empty itself. As I marched resolutely along with my eyes to the front—a military bearing not difficult to attain, because there was little temptation to turn one's eyes elsewhere—I knew that I ought to do something about my wretched umbrella. The women who passed me gave me reproachful looks, as much as to say that the weapon was dangerous enough at all times, and to keep it spread when there was no necessity was to flirt with their fates. But the black expanse was above me, and so long as it was there, I might be made to feel uncomfortable, but not nearly so much as if it was untidy by my side.

As I turned into the small court through the narrow walk, the sun came out. Not shyly, but with a great burst of golden light; and I stood still a moment, my umbrella over my head, blinking and dismayed, like a loiterer caught by a garden wall in the unexpected rays of a policeman's lantern. Slowly I lowered my umbrella and, as I shut it, I shook it, preparatory to making one of my periodical attempts to fold it while the drops flew this way and that.

Propping the ferrule against the wooden ledge of a shop where old china was sold, I balanced the handle in the pit of my stomach, which is, I have been informed but by no means convinced, the first position to take up when attempting to fold it. The result, after a sharp skirmish lasting three or four minutes, proved to be as I had feared. The divisions between the pleats were far from even and, as I had rolled it the wrong way, the button was inside the shapeless mass. With the sun shining brightly and with the eyes of the shopkeeper upon me, who feared every moment that my symbol of authority would slip and, passing through his window, tickle a Chelsea flower girl

in the ribs, I had not the courage to begin all over again. My attack, I told myself, to excuse my behaviour, had been in the nature of a surprise and, if a surprise attack fails, there is nothing left but to recall one's troops with as much speed as possible and conserve one's losses. This I did and, conscious of the untidiness of my support, stared back at the shopkeeper until he retired into the centre of his web in the dark fastness behind the window display.

There I remained looking at a few daguerreotypes; a full-rigged ship in an old rum bottle; a small silver-gilt coach; some apostle spoons; a dusty display of Chelsea china, and a couple of loose sheets of stamps. I was trying to distinguish whether a twopenny halfpenny ultramarine of St. Christopher (the 1882 issue) was badly postmarked, or whether it was just a lump of dirt on the pane which prevented me seeing anything but the value and the name, when the rain started again.

This second visitation was not heralded by any outrunning drops; it just fell as if the heavens could hold it no longer and, before I could manage to do anything to prevent it, I received a hearty wetting. Nevertheless my sprits rose with my umbrella and, being no longer aware of its untidiness, I went on through the court with the light, unhurried steps of a man who has no cares and no enemies.

To tell you about everything that has its being in this close would be to bore you, and it has occurred to me that you may be wondering by now what all this is really about; but before we go into that, I should like to make it clear to you that I raised and lowered my emblem of office some half a dozen times in the course of that walk, and practised various tactics to try and reduce it to order, all with no success. Still I arrived back in a fair humour and with an appetite for lunch and, as I buried the silver shovel in the Stilton cheese and carefully excavated the piece which was greenest, the thought occurred to me that the real reason for the level headedness of the English and their immunity from the alarms and excursions, so frequently indulged in by other races, lay in the vagaries of the climate. Through them we are forearmed; we are used to sudden transformations and are prepared against them since, in the passage of a few hours, we may find the changes rung upon the sun, the wind and the rain and, when one is so accustomed, one doesn't pray for the one as if it had gone for ever, or rail against the other as if it had come to stay for good.

Everyone may not be so knowledgeable as to the source of this state of affairs as I am, but they pay it the compliment of talking about it hourly. The papers prognosticate, the wireless prophesies, the wise countryman guesses, and the sailor wets his finger to the wind, but does any Englishman regard all or any of these prophets as infallible? No; he keeps both his stick and umbrella by him. With the one he beats people and with the other he shelters them. A well-balanced proceeding!

PETER TRAILL.

Books of The Day

MR. CHURCHILL'S SPEECHES

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is one of our few real orators, and his speeches, apart from the skilful manner of their delivery, have a quality about them that can be realised even by those who do not hear them but merely read them in their newspapers. A collection of the average politician's speeches would make a very dull book; the topical interest would have disappeared, to leave nothing much more than a procession of words. But Mr. Churchill can never be dull; he can be grave or gay, as the spirit moves him, and though the words seem to come tripping off his tongue with no apparent effort, there is always in them a colour and a force that reveal the thought and artistry behind them. Probably no politician to-day pays more attention than Mr. Churchill does to the preparation of his speeches. And that preparation is not merely directed towards investing them with a special polish or Churchillian turn of phrase. Mr. Churchill's rich and active mind is ever concerned with matters of high policy; he can grasp as soon as anyone a good debating point, but he aspires and attains to the statesman's responsible outlook, being intent on what he conceives to be the great issues and making his speeches the vehicle of carefully considered and weighed opinion. Not every one, of course, will agree with all the views he expresses, but no one can deny the interest attaching to them or the power and impressiveness of their presentment.

In compiling a collection of his father's speeches during the past six years on the international situation, Mr. Randolph Churchill has displayed excellent judgment both in the selection and in the grouping of them ("Arms and the Covenant: Speeches by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill," Harrap, 18s.). He groups them under the three main headings: Germany Disarmed, Germany Re-arming, and Germany Armed. The re-arming of Germany during these years was Mr. Churchill's chief pre-occupation. As he said in answer to Mr. Lansbury, "I confess that I have been occupied with this idea of the great wheels revolving and the great hammers descending day and night in Germany, making the whole industry of that country an arsenal, welding the whole of its population into one disciplined war machine. There is the problem that lies before you. There is what is bringing war nearer." And, obsessed with this menace, Mr. Churchill was perturbed over what he regarded as the undue complacency of the British public, this provoking him to the outburst: "For the first time for centuries we are not fully equipped to repel or to retaliate for an invasion. That to an island people is astonishing. Panic, indeed! The position is the other way round. We are the incredulous, indifferent children of centuries of security behind the shield of the Royal Navy, not yet able to wake up to the woefully transformed conditions of the modern

world." As one reads these speeches, so one sees how Mr. Churchill's ideas on the international situation developed. At first he is inclined to be apprehensive lest France should carry her reduction of armaments too far and thus involve us in mutual pledges of defence. But as German re-arming grows he becomes more and more attached to the idea of "collective security" as represented by the League, and towards the end he is severely critical of our delays in re-arming, especially in the air, because of our inability as he sees it to take our full and proper share in strengthening the League. If some people have not Mr. Churchill's faith in Geneva's capabilities, they will at least recognise the fervour of his patriotism in seeking to make good the many deficiencies in our defence organisation; and among the proposals he sets out in these speeches, that of a separate Ministry of Supply has assuredly much to commend it. As for the speeches as a whole, because of their brilliance they can be read with appreciation and enjoyment even by those who are not fully in accord with all Mr. Churchill's views.

THE LADIES OF ALDERLEY

Miss Nancy Mitford has given us a delightfully entertaining book in the letters she has so competently edited of "The Ladies of Alderley" (foreword by Lord Stanley of Alderley, Chapman & Hall, illustrated, 15s.). The letters cover the years 1841 to 1850 and are mainly those between Lady Stanley (née Maria Joseph Holroyd, a friend of Gibbon) and her daughter-in-law, Henrietta Maria, wife of the second Peer. These two ladies corresponded with one another daily. Their correspondence enables one to obtain a very clear picture of certain phases of early Victorian domestic life; it also suggests the reflection that the familiar complaint about "modernism" is as old as the hills, for we find the redoubtable Lady Stanley writing about a certain book and adding caustically, "But I do not expect *modern* people will like it." She is a lady of very decisive opinions, almost the typical mother-in-law of the music-hall jokes. She takes upon herself to prescribe literature for her granddaughters, pouring scorn on their own mother's choice, and expresses her horror that Henrietta has met Thackeray, fervently hoping that his conversation was not like his books. Henrietta, one imagines, must have found her managing mother-in-law a sore trial at times, and though she keeps her temper admirably, she does not always lie down meekly under the criticism so freely administered. One is not altogether surprised to read that Henrietta's husband Edward and their son Henry were both rather quiet while under the same roof as Lady Stanley. Poor Henry's "deafness" is a never-ending source of comment by his grandmother. He is also described as mean over money and as bitterly resenting "tipping" the Headmaster of Eton £5, a curious custom at that time!

WOMEN AND YOUTH

It was an excellent idea to get Lady Oxford to take charge of the editing of a book in which a

number of well-known women answer the question "What have you done with your youth?" ("Myself When Young," Muller, 12s. 6d.); for the book is worth buying alone for the sparkling introductory chapter that Lady Oxford contributes to it. That chapter, as one might expect, is not all about youth, except in the sense that its author seems to be perennially young. She tells us she has always valued youth and "encouraged and exploited it and it is with me to-day." She confesses that "men seize opportunities quicker than women because my sex have less imagination, and think that they can by their looks, and their brains, always command attention. Women, unless they are squaws, are as over-individual and untamable as cats, and have an erroneous belief in their own powers. In spite of all this equality, I do not think that women have made anything very audible of their lives. The only reason I can give to account for this is because they never realised the importance of their early years. It is your youthful ambition, your resolve to make something great of life which will determine your future; and for this you need imagination."

After this sprightly start, she goes on to refer to the rumours, before her engagement and marriage to the late Lord Oxford, coupling her name with Arthur Balfour and the late Lord Rosebery and to relate what Balfour said in this connection. Then she carries her story on to her relations with the G.O.M., and the amusing poem he addressed to her. She expresses the opinion that Morley was a very bad choice as the biographer of Gladstone, and then passes on to comment rather caustically on the unfortunate tendency of high dignitaries of the Church to meddle in politics.

Among the many contributors to the book are Lady Londonderry, who speaks of an "extraordinarily happy" childhood in which her wise, casual, lovable father was the strongest influence, and Miss Amy Johnson, who writes of the day she walked into the Stag-lane Aerodrome and there and then decided that she could learn to fly on the £3 a week salary she earned in a solicitor's office. Other contributors are Marjorie Bowen, Gabrielle Chanel, Ethel Levey and Irene Vanbrugh. Altogether a most entertaining book.

NEW NOVELS

Strange that Mr. Humphrey Chesterman should have, in the sub-title to his "Bolden" (Harrap), described it as "A Novel of a Modern Othello," for John Bolden bears no resemblance to the noble Moor, except in the matter of jealousy. Apart from this criticism, the reader can have no quarrel with the author. This first novel of his is one of more than ordinary merit. Nothing could be more convincing than the settings and people Mr. Chesterman gives us, whether on the Indian North-West Frontier, in England or in Germany. It is a subtly clever piece of writing in its effortless conveyance of atmosphere.

Miss Doris Leslie is a writer who eschews exaggeration and can be relied upon both for a good

story and sound portraiture. Her "Concord in Jeopardy" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is from every point of view a fine book, written with great sincerity. It has for its hero the son of a gallant-hearted dressmaker; the boy wants to be a painter and his mother nurses other ambitions for him. Later he has his way and his mother becomes reconciled to his choice. With great sympathy and understanding, Miss Leslie portrays the relations between mother and son. As successful painter and cartoonist the hero, after his mother's death, makes an unhappy marriage. Then comes his love for another woman, who is also loved by a younger man. The Great War breaks out and the two men are together in France, where the hero is killed.

For grim realism it would be hard to beat Mr. James Hanley's story of a troopship's voyage to and from the Near East during the Great War ("Hollow Sea," John Lane, 10s. 6d.). It is a very long book, but the realism is so intense throughout that it holds one almost breathless from page to page. The ship and the people on it are so much alive that one seems to be sharing in all that befalls them. It is a novel of great power and grandeur in its conception and writing.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts in his latest novel, "Portrait of a Scoundrel" (Murray), allows his villain to do the painting of his own portrait. And since that villain glories in his crimes and takes pains in revealing how perfectly managed they were, the resulting portrait lacks nothing of the repellent truth. The skill of Mr. Phillpotts lies in forcing his readers, as he undoubtedly does, to interest themselves in the working of this scoundrel's perverted but ingenious mind.

Tradition rules strong in our Public Schools, and it takes some believing that a strike could ever be engineered at one of these schools by younger boys against "lines," prefects' beatings and compulsory chapel. But Mr. Reginald Turnor, in his smoothly told, amusing, if provocative, Public School story, "Bring Them Up Alive" (Chapman & Hall), manages to impart an air of reality to such an unusual incident by bringing a boy of sixteen to Craighleith from a co-educational establishment where ideas of greater freedom for youth inevitably reigned. This is a novel obviously with a purpose, Mr. Turnor's sympathies being clearly more with the co-educational system than with the Public Schools.

Miss Dorothy Wright in "The Gentle Phoenix" (Heinemann) presents us with a family somewhat of the Sanger type—an Irish, rather irresponsible poet father, a beautiful, feckless but gay and intelligent Russian mother, a young girl of seventeen who is the real mother of the household, her sister who cares for no one but herself and has natural gifts as an actress, a brother who promises one day to become a great musician, and two younger children. Then there is the friend of the family who sees in the budding genius of its young members the chance of realising his own frustrated hopes of creative art. Out of this mixture of characters, all cleverly delineated with light but sure touch, Miss Wright makes a truly charming tale.

Round the Empire

YOUNGER GOVERNORS

"THE importance of filling Governorships and other key posts by comparatively young men who are in full vigour has been continually in my mind," writes Lord Harlech, until recently Secretary of State for the Colonies, in "The Colonial Empire in 1937-38," a Blue Book published to accompany the Colonial estimates for the current year. "With a view to stimulating developments in this direction I recently decided to reduce the normal term of office for Governors from six years to five, thus providing for more frequent changes without sacrificing essential continuity in administration.

"The interchange of staff and of experience between the Colonies and the Colonial Office is not less important, for reasons which are too obvious to require elaboration. All administrative officers entering the Colonial Office are required during their early years to serve abroad, and two or three young officers are normally seconded at a time for periods of about two years to the Civil Services of different Colonies. Conversely from six to nine junior officers of the Colonial Administrative Service are regularly employed for two-year periods in the Colonial Office. At the time of writing I have serving in the Colonial Office officers seconded from Kenya, Nigeria, Malaya, Hong Kong, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia.

"The senior officers of the Colonial Office staff pay frequent visits to the Colonies for particular purposes, and I may here mention the very successful tour undertaken by the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, to Aden, Somaliland, Zanzibar and Mauritius in the early part of 1938. There are also a certain number of actual transfers in the senior ranks—for example, the recent appointment of the Governor of Sierra Leone to an assistant Under-Secretaryship at the Colonial Office."

S. RHODESIA'S TREASURE HOUSE

The historic treasures of Southern Rhodesia's past have now been housed in a fire-proof, dust-proof, burglar-proof building in Salisbury, the capital of the Colony. In consultation with the British Museum authorities in London, the lay-out of the treasures was decided upon. The collection of the treasures involved many years of patient research and labour. Mr. V. W. Hillier, the Southern Rhodesian Government Archivist, collected more than ten tons of the Colony's history in Britain last year. The four thousand documents he sent back to Southern Rhodesia included the journal of Thomas Baines, one of the earliest African travellers, which describes the crowning of Lobengula and the negotiations which brought the concession for white men to search for gold, opening up the rich territory now known as Southern Rhodesia; the journal of Dr. Moffatt's visit to Central Africa in 1835 and correspondence relating to the establishment of the first European mission in Southern Rhodesia. Every possible

care has been taken to preserve the books and documents even to the extent of glass which will exclude actinic rays and thus preserve the colour of the bindings. All the partitions are of steel and glass and for extra safety there is a strong room for special treasures with a further steel case in which are stored manuscripts and documents which cannot yet be made available to the public.

RHODES' BIRTHPLACE

The house where Cecil Rhodes was born, in Bishop's Stortford, will be opened to the public by the Marquess of Lothian, C.H., M.A., on Monday, July 11. The property has been purchased, together with an adjoining house and two and a half acres of ground, by public subscription through the Rhodes' Birthplace Memorial Trust of which Sir Abe Bailey is President, and the Hon. S. M. Lanigan O'Keeffe, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, is Chairman. The house has been furnished in the same style as when Rhodes was born and contains personal relics of the great man, including documents, correspondence, books and pictures; a uniform that Rhodes wore in 1877 as Colonel of the Kimberley Light Horse—the only military uniform Rhodes wore—and a bust of Rhodes by the French sculptor, Rene Shapshak, presented by Mr. Schonegevel of South Africa. Many of the documents to be exhibited have been obtained from the land named after Cecil Rhodes—Southern Rhodesia. At the opening of Rhodes' birthplace, the Marquess of Lothian will hand over the deeds of the property, together with the nucleus of the Endowment Fund, to a body of Trustees comprising members of the Bishop's Stortford Urban District Council, appointed by authority of the Charity Commissioners.

A MUSEUM OF MYSTERY

A national museum is to be built by the mysterious Zimbabwe ruins of Southern Rhodesia. The ruins have defied the probings of scientists, archaeologists and historians and constitute one of the show places of Southern Rhodesia. The museum will help visitors to reach their own conclusions about the origin of Zimbabwe and for what purpose the buildings were used and by whom. Duplicates of relics of Zimbabwe in the British Museum in London and the Cape Town Museum in Southern Africa are to be obtained. Funds for the construction of the museum are to be asked of the Trustees of the Southern Rhodesian Sweepstake Lotteries, but the Government of the Colony will make provision for the museum if the Trustees are unable to do so.

RHODESIAS—NYASALAND UNION

A Memorandum has been submitted by Mr. H. H. Davies, M.P., on behalf of the Rhodesia Labour Party, to the Royal Commission on the amalgamation of Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

It states that the governing principle of amalgamation of the two Rhodesias was determined by the resolution adopted at the Victoria Falls Con-

ference favouring amalgamation under complete self-government.

IMMIGRANTS WANTED

That Southern Rhodesia needs a big immigration scheme was emphasised by Sir Hugh Williams, a member of Parliament of the Colony, at a recent luncheon of the Salisbury Rotary Club. "It is our duty and our salvation to populate Southern Rhodesia," he said. "We have been given by Providence the most wonderful natural mineral wealth in the world. In addition, we have remarkable agricultural opportunities ranging from a temperate to a tropical climate. We could almost be self-supporting on our agricultural produce."

A scheme for the introduction of young Danish immigrants to Southern Rhodesia has, however, been postponed by the Government of the Colony, in view of the launching of a scheme for immigration from Great Britain. Mr. C. H. Olsen, a Rhodesian citizen of Danish origin, urged the Danish scheme at a meeting of a sub-committee of the Central Immigration Committee in Bulawayo. Mr. Olsen stated that wherever Scandinavians had been introduced into a British Colony the result had been a success. The Danish Government were prepared to pay half the cost of the fares of the immigrants.

UNION'S NEW CABINET

General Hertzog has now completed the reconstruction of his Cabinet, which is made up as follows:—

General J. B. M. Hertzog, Prime Minister and Minister of External Affairs.

General J. C. Smuts, Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Justice.

Mr. N. C. Havenga, Minister of Finance.

Mr. O. Pirow, Minister of Railways and Harbours and of Defence.

Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, Minister of Mines, Labour, Social Welfare and Education.

General J. C. G. Kemp, Minister of Lands.

Colonel Deneys Reitz, Minister of Agriculture, Forestry and Irrigation.

Mr. Richard Stuttaford, Minister of the Interior and Public Health.

Senator C. F. Clarkson, Minister of Posts, Telegraphs and Public Works.

Mr. A. P. J. Fourie, Minister of Commerce and Industries.

Mr. H. A. Fagan, Minister of Native Affairs.

Mr. F. Claud Sturrock, Minister without portfolio.

INDIAN PRINCES' CHAMBER

The Reorganisation Committee of the Indian Princes' Chamber has been meeting recently at Bikaner Palace, Bombay, under the presidency of His Highness the Maharaja of Bikaner to consider ways and means for widening the scope of the Chamber so as to bring in some of the larger States like Hyderabad, which have hitherto remained aloof from the Chamber, and also to include some of the smaller States which, owing to certain causes, were

prevented from joining the Chamber. The larger States have remained outside because they were not enjoying sufficient representation on the Chamber's executive consistent with their status and influences. The smaller States have remained out because they were not given admission as no criteria had been laid down for such admissions.

For many years the problem of extending the bounds of the Princes' Chamber has been engaging the attention of the Chamber, but the need for this was more than ever felt when the Standing Committee of the Chamber met in February last. It was generally agreed then that if proper co-operation and co-ordination among the princely order had to be achieved in the matter of discussing Federal and allied questions, the bounds of the Princes' Chamber should immediately be widened and, accordingly, the Reorganisation Committee was appointed under the presidency of the Maharaja of Bikaner.

It is now generally recognised that the larger States should be given some form of representation on the Chamber executive consistent with their status and influence and that some criteria should be laid down for the admission of the smaller States. Several schemes for this purpose have been suggested and these were considered at the Bombay meeting.

U.P. LANDLORDS' REVOLT

Zemindars in the United Provinces are to start a civil-disobedience campaign if the tenancy legislation contemplated by the Congress Ministry is passed in its present form by the provincial legislature. Other measures to combat land law reform may be a request to Mr. Gandhi to intervene and the formation of an All-India Federation of Zemindars to act in their interests throughout India. These decisions were taken at a conference of Oudh zemindars held at Butler Park in Lucknow, when 5,000 landholders met under the chairmanship of the Maharaja of Darbhanga.

Addressing the gathering, the Maharaja characterised the situation as grave. The Congress, he said, had raised unreasonable expectations among the masses, and there were still elements in the party which encouraged "violence and class conflict." The U.P. Ministry were not taking proper steps to maintain law and order. The withholding of rents was being openly encouraged by the party and hostility against zemindars was being sedulously fostered among their tenants. Against these tendencies the zemindars could only defend themselves by making themselves indispensable to the social system. Unity should be their first aim; their second, to convince tenants that the zemindar was their friend.

"In this historic gathering I see signs of regeneration of a class which has come to be considered as an anachronism," he said. "This gathering shows unmistakable proofs of self-assertion and the spirit of self-preservation from unfair encroachments, and it fills me with hope that landlords will belie expectations of those who seem to think that they should be brushed aside like dirt from the body politic of India. I am afraid I cannot say much about the Tenancy Bill

which has recently been introduced into your Provincial Assembly. But as far as I can judge it will entirely revolutionise the entire rural system of Oudh. It will dispossess all of you, big as well as small, of very valuable rights and will reduce you to a hopeless position in your dealings with your tenants. At the same time it will increase rather than lessen the prevailing tension. Such a measure will be detrimental not only to your interests but also to the interests of the entire province, and therefore it requires the serious consideration of the Government. You must exert yourselves to the fullest possible extent and see to it that such a gross injustice is not done to you."

INDIAN JUNGLES EMPTYING

The views recently expressed in letters in the English Press that Indian jungles are being depleted of larger *fauna* by indiscriminate shooting were strongly supported by Dr. C. S. Fox, of the Geological Survey of India, in a conversation with a representative of the *Statesman*. Dr. Fox, whose duties in connection with the Geological Survey afford him opportunities of observing animal life, first referred to forests in the Central Provinces which are supposed to be full of big game. Talking of the Chhindwara district, he said that game like sambhur, bison, bara singhar and wild buffalo were now getting very scarce there owing to indiscriminate shooting. Not only sportsmen, but also villagers possessing gun licences did a lot of killing on the plea of driving away game from their fields. Actually, however, they shot game in order to add variety to their *ménu*. In other districts of the Central Provinces, like Balaghat and Chanda, big game had a chance of multiplying because, being in reserve forest areas, they were afforded some protection. But even there when the wild animals wandered out into adjacent areas, they were poached upon.

Dr. Fox then spoke of the Assam jungles, which according to popular belief were also full of big game. Of course, he said, the heavy jungle in the Garo Hills afforded the game some shelter, but villagers with gun licences obtained supplies of animal food at the expense of jungle life. The density of the jungles rendered it difficult to gauge how full they were of animals, but personally he had not seen much big game other than elephants and occasional mithan. In the adjacent Khasi Hills, there was practically nothing except a few small deer and, of course, tigers along the foot of the hills. The jungles of the Jaintia Hills were said to abound in wild animals, but it was not known how far, barring elephants, they were stocked with other big game, as this area had not been recently examined. Dr. Fox said that during the last 25 years big game had diminished enormously, so much so that, although he was working in the Garo Hills, he had not fired a single shot in five years.

Adverting to the subject of remedies, Dr. Fox said that in the first place greater strictness should be observed in issuing licences for guns to village people. Secondly, permission to shoot in the Reserve Forests should be given to officers and others with great discretion. In conclusion, he

referred to the problem of putting a check on sportsmen who shot game outside forest areas, especially those who fired from motor cars in the glare of head-lamps at night. According to him, these latter were probably the worst offenders. "I really don't know how they can be controlled; perhaps strong public opinion is the only remedy," he added.

AIR DEVELOPMENTS

The first flying-boat service to operate right through from England to Australia left the Imperial Airways base at Hythe, Southampton, on June 26th, carrying passengers and mails to Sydney, New South Wales. This inaugural flight represents the completion, by Imperial Airways and its associated enterprises, of the great Empire air plan for the establishment of flying-boat services between England and Africa, India, the Far East, and Australia. The "all-up" non-surcharge mail scheme will be extended to Australia in the near future, when the new marine air services have been consolidated; while further speed-ups which are also planned will, in due course, render it possible to reach Australia from England in less than a week, and to arrive in Sydney only seven days after leaving London.

The Singapore-Australia sections of the England-Australia route, which are operated by Qantas Empire Airways—an associated company of Imperial Airways—have up to the present been flown by land-plane, an overland route being used across Australia to Brisbane. Recently, Qantas took delivery of six Imperial-type flying-boats, and these are to supersede land-planes on the Singapore-Australia service, operating *via* a new marine air route.

After completing successfully its manufacturer's trials, and after having also passed successfully the official tests to which it was subjected by Air Ministry pilots, the Short-Mayo composite aircraft is now being made ready for a further series of trials, which will culminate shortly in non-stop crossings of the Atlantic by the upper component *Mercury*. After being launched from its mothercraft *Maia* at the Foynes air-station, Ireland, *Mercury* will cross the North Atlantic to Montreal *via* Botwood (Newfoundland), and will then proceed to New York. *Mercury* will make its return ocean air voyage to England *via* the Azores.

A report just to hand from Singapore mentions the interesting fact that considerable consignments of choice orchids are now being sent through by Imperial flying-boat from Singapore to various destinations in Europe. The orchids dispatched by air are packed in specially-prepared lightweight wooden crates. It is found that they travel well by air, and, after their arrival in Europe, remain in a fresh condition for some appreciable time. There is now a growing use of the flying routes for the dispatch of flowers. Apart from the all-important advantage of speed, the absence of jolting and vibration in an air journey, and the individual handling which consignments receive from the airway staffs, render the flying routes ideal for the dispatch of such fragile, easily-damaged articles as flowers.

From Our Files

12 November, 1904

MR. SHAW AT HIS BEST

HAD Mr. Shaw been born in France, or in Germany, he would be at this moment the most popular playwright in Paris, or in Berlin. There is not the shadow of a doubt of that. As it is, he is becoming popular in Berlin. In New York he is popular already. Another decade will, with luck, see him popular in London. Meanwhile, I suppose, we must be grateful that his plays do manage to get themselves performed, somehow, somewhere, on the sly. During the past two weeks there have been some matinées of his latest play, "John Bull's Other Island," at the Court Theatre. It seemed natural that the auditorium had not been warmed on the bitterly cold day when I found myself there. But the temperature made me feel rather anxious; for in England, a country whose natural breed is dullards, any intellectual activity—and it is only the actively intellectual persons who go out of their way to special matinées—generally carries with it some grave physical delicacy; and we cannot spare aught of such intellectual activity as is going on among us. A man might die worse than in seeing a play by Mr. Shaw. But it seems a pity that he should not live to tell the tale. Moreover, I am quite sure that if Mr. Shaw's plays were more seductively produced, they would appeal even to the dullards at large. In a warm theatre, within the regular radius for theatres, after night-fall—in fact, with just those cheerful commercial circumstances which are withheld from them—these plays would soon take the town. The dull middleman shakes his head, mutters some dull shibboleth, dives his hand into a pigeon-hole, and calls rehearsals of a new play which has nothing whatever to recommend it except its likeness to the present failure, and to the last failure, and to the failure before last.

The critics, for the most part, are scarcely less dull than the managers themselves. Over "John Bull's Other Island" they have raised their usual parrot-cry: "Not a play." This, being interpreted, means "Not a love-story, split neatly up into four brief acts, with no hint that the characters live in a world where other things besides this love-story are going on". In "John Bull's Other Island" there is a love-story. But it occurs only in the fabric of the main scheme. This main scheme is to present the character of a typical Englishman against a typically Irish background—to throw up the peculiarities of the Englishman by contrast with various types of Irishman and various phases of Irish life, and to throw up the peculiarities of Ireland by contrast with the invader. This scheme Mr. Shaw carries out in four long acts, two of which contain two scenes apiece. Not much actually happens in the play. The greater part of the play is talk: and this talk is often not relevant to the action, but merely to the characters, and to things in general. Pray,

why is this not to be called a play? Why should the modern "tightness" of technique be regarded as a sacred and essential part of dramaturgy? And why should the passion of love be regarded as the one possible theme in dramaturgy? Between these two superstitions lies the main secret of the barrenness of modern British drama. The first of them wards away the majority of men of creative literary power, who cannot be bothered to pick up the manifold little tricks and dodges which go to the making of what the critics call "a play". The second prevents playwrights from taking themes which would both invigorate their work through novelty and bring the theatre into contact with life at large.

Of course, I do not pretend that every good novelist could write a good play. There are essential differences between dramaturgy and any other form of literary work. My contention is that the dramatic instinct is no more rare than the narrative instinct, and that any man who has the dramatic instinct will, with a little practice, be able to write a good play. It is lucky for us that Mr. Shaw has not, like the vast majority of creative writers, been frightened away from the theatre. He has—though not, I wager, in a greater degree than many other men who dare only write novels—an instinct for the theatre; and he can with perfect ease express his ideas effectively through the dramatic form. None of our most fashionable playwrights could give him points in such technique as is really necessary. None is less amateurish in essentials. Mr. Shaw evolves his "situations" with perfect naturalness, and brings his characters off and on, and handles a whole crowd of them simultaneously on the stage, without the least apparent effort. He has, also, this great natural advantage in the writing of dialogue: he can always express himself directly, in a clean-cut manner. He is a thinker, and often a very subtle thinker. But he is also a public speaker, accustomed to dispense with that form in which his thoughts can be pondered at leisure, and to make the best of that form in which they must be caught as they fly. From the stage, then, as from the platform, his thoughts never elude us. We never have to pause to consider what he meant in the last line. It is always well to read a play by him at leisure, when it is published as a book; for the thoughts in it fly too thickly for us to remember them all after a performance. But at the moment of its utterance his every thought flies straight to our brain. As his thoughts are, so (I apologise for the arbitrary distinction) are his jests. His humour always gets well across the footlights, even when the fun of the thing said derives nothing from the character of its sayer or from the moment in which it is said. Thus, when Broadbent, the English Liberal candidate in Ireland, talks to his Irish fiancée about the canvassing, and is met by her reluctance to talk to "common people", he cries "Oh, but we must be thoroughly democratic, and patronise everybody without distinction of class". That is not even a caricature of anything that Broadbent would say. It is just a critical conceit of Mr. Shaw's. It is, therefore, not stage-humour, in the strict sense. But it is stage-humour in so far as

it is so delightfully simple and sudden—a joke which not a soul in the audience can miss. However, these detached jests are rare in Mr. Shaw's play. Most of the fun comes of a slight exaggeration on the things that the character actually would say. But Mr. Shaw has also the art of extracting a ridiculous effect from every scenic situation. Broadbent has been selected as candidate quite unexpectedly, and on the spur of the moment. His valet has not heard the news. "Now, Hodson", says Broadbent, "you mustn't be stand-offish with the people here. I should like you to be popular, you know". "I'm sure you're very kind, Sir", says Hodson; "but it don't seem to matter much whether they like me or not. I'm not going to stand for Parliament here, Sir". "Well", replies Broadbent, dramatically, "I am". This passage is not excruciatingly funny to read. But it is, as anyone with dramatic instinct can imagine, excruciatingly funny to hear. Again, I might describe for you the scene in which Broadbent suddenly, by moonlight, makes his proposal of marriage, and is supposed by the young Irish lady to be intoxicated, and is by her converted to that uncomfortable belief, and led gently home by her; or I might describe the scene in which Broadbent drives away with a peasant's pig in his motor; but these descriptions would seem to me tame in comparison with the actual thing. There you have one of the tests of true dramatic humour: the inadequacy of pen and ink for a proper reproduction of it. Of all our playwrights Mr. Shaw is by far the most richly gifted with this humour. And of all his plays "John Bull's Other Island" is fullest of this humour. Yet none of our managers, gloomily hovering around Portugal Street, will offer the play to a public against which the obvious (and self-made) indictment is that it goes to the theatre just to be amused.

"Just to be amused." There is much besides amusement to be got out of this play (a fact which would, I suppose, form the manager's silly excuse for not producing it). Indeed, I think that none of Mr. Shaw's plays has so much serious interest. From all his plays one derives the pleasure that there is in finding a playwright who knows, and gives us, something of the world at first hand—a playwright who, moreover, has a philosophic view of things, and can criticise what he sees. Such displeasure as we have in Mr. Shaw's plays comes from the sense that Mr. Shaw is a little too sure of himself and his philosophy—a little too loudly consistent about everything to be right about most things. In this latest play of his, he seems to have mellowed into something almost like dubiety, without losing anything of his genius for ratiocination. He himself figures largely, as usual; this time in the person of Laurence Doyle, a disillusioned Irishman. But he does not have it all so signally his own way. Indeed, he is altogether put in the shade by an unfrocked priest, a mystic, who touches a note of visionary wisdom that makes every other character seem cheap and absurd. However, the principal motive of the play is not to give us the philosophy of this mystic, or Mr. Shaw's philosophy, but to give us Broadbent, the Englishman, just as he is. Certainly, Mr. Shaw never created so perfect a type

as Broadbent. Some years ago, in "Cæsar and Cleopatra", he gave us a person named Britannus, illustrating the peculiarities of the modern Englishman against an antique Roman background. But Britannus, albeit delightful, was only a sketch. Broadbent is a full-length portrait, minutely finished; and, moreover, the figure stands out more sharply against modern Ireland than Britannus' figure stood out against Rome, inasmuch as the modern Englishman is more akin to the ancient Roman than to the modern Irishman. Broadbent in business, Broadbent in politics, Broadbent in love, Broadbent in all the various relations of life, is certainly Mr. Shaw's masterpiece of observation and of satire. The satire is the more deadly by reason of (what Broadbent would call) the "conspicuous fairness" with which it is accomplished. Mr. Shaw sees all Broadbent's good points, and lays stress on everything that is not absurd in him. The tone is always kindly, even affectionate. We are quite sure that justice is being done. Fullest justice; and so—poor Broadbent! All Englishmen ought to see Broadbent. No Englishman could deny the truth of Broadbent. Indeed, no thoroughbred Englishman would wish to deny the truth of Broadbent. That is the cream of the joke.

MAX BEERBOHM.

7 November, 1903

A MIRROR FOR FOOLS

WE have been trying to fathom the motives that led to the latest output of the famous factory in Carmelite Street. The old trade-mark is there conspicuous enough; though no stamp of origin was needed. It is the same unmistakable pattern, with the smartness worn off. It was a strong order to inflict a female daily on the world as well as a "Daily Mail", and we felt that Mr. Harmsworth must have some great public object in view. Plainly the "Mirror" was a mission. We could find no hint of an intelligible motive in the signed advertisement on page 3. (We are not saying anything offensive: "advertizement" is the word used in the old books, and they were literature, for the preface.) But reflection cast by the paper itself has convinced us that the promoter had a very praiseworthy object. He wanted to help to a solution of an old and vexed question; should women have the suffrage? So he provides at any rate a negative test, which will take us a considerable way. If this paper is a success, it will finally prove that women are hopelessly and irremediably unfit to be trusted with a vote. We cannot enfranchise a great host of fools. If on the other hand, women ignore this paper with laughter and contempt, while it will not prove them capable of the suffrage, for the modicum of intelligence required for such an effort of discrimination is too small to warrant any such deduction, at least it will show that they are not obviously unfit. It is to be hoped no member of Parliament will be so inconsiderate as to interrupt this interesting experiment by introducing a Woman's Suffrage Bill next session,

unless, of course, the experiment should achieve its own happy dispatch before the opening; when the supporters of woman's franchise should come to Parliament in extremely good spirits. They will have a new and very cogent argument.

We are in some doubt whether we ought to ascribe what seems like a want of finesse in the choice of a name to the promoter's less than usual astuteness or his deeper knowledge of women. Our calculation would have been thus: whether it is true or not that a woman's real life is spent before a looking-glass, that a mirror is the centre of her gravity, or frivolity, very few women would care to be told so straight out. If, in fact, you hold out a mirror to a woman and say, there that's what you like best in the world, look in that, she probably would not look in it, but look away, or in some other person's mirror. Mr. Harmsworth's calculation is less nice; it is more elemental; he would perhaps say that with Mr. Thomas Hardy or Walt Whitman he believed in lush nature. Woman loves herself, woman loves to look at herself, woman loves a glass; and so I give it to her frankly. No squeamish passing it to her from behind: she will take it fast enough. Well, gynæcology is not our forte: we can only say that ladies we know would certainly take it as an insult if they were told that they were accurately summed up in a looking-glass. So would every self-respecting woman; though that would not settle the fate of the "Mirror."

How complimentary is this venture to women may be seen by trying the paper by its own avowed objects. It is meant in all seriousness to be a faithful daily portrait of women, their interests, thought and work. It will show us exactly where in the promoter's view women come in the scale of creation. The poet's corner—what a pity the services of the Poet-Laureate were not enlisted—leaves us in doubt whether the mirror is a pool, which suggests stagnation, or brass, which suggests something else, or "a fragile field glass," which suggests nothing. Any way it is meant to be a faithful reflector; and the thing is to be done "without mental paroxysm or dislocation of interest." (Style is to be a strong point.) Let us see then what is the paper's conception of woman. It is reasonably thought that she will like news, so she is given for news, not "at a glance," for it is in too small type to be read with comfort, the grand fact that in a divorce case it was proved that a husband forgave his wife three times. A long-suffering man, doubtless, but hardly therefore such a hero as thus to be pinned. Mommsen is summed up as a man who wrote a history of Rome and was said not to know his own children. That measures the interest an educated lady is expected to take in one of the most extraordinary men of the time. The proportionate ingredients of the paper might be arranged thus: Pictures, in effect simply drapers, milliners and ladies', tailors' advertisements, beauty, dress, toilet, the kitchen, society (below-stairs) gossip, scraps, scraps, scraps, a novelette, and one piece of serious news. That is supposed to be the daily food an intelligent Englishwoman would naturally prefer to a real newspaper that told her something about the world

and the forces that are moving it. This is the coping stone of the higher education for women. And the promoter means this for *men* too! So it is set forth. Men have their faults, but we must say for them that we have never known a man, however dressy, who would not be very angry if his morning paper, when he took it up, showed him a picture of a tailor's model. As we said, the promoter of this paper may know more about women than we, but he really must not pretend to understand a man. For it is said with great solemnity, not at all in jest, that the "Mirror" is designed for men. But if the list of departments seems weak, perhaps the quality compensates. "Departments", by the way, is their word, not ours: it is apt, it sounds, as Mr. Chamberlain said of Mr. Asquith's "well tried policy", like a shopkeeper's advertisement. The pictures are ordinary milliners' models except that in two of them the lady seems to be having a shower-bath, which seems odd, as she is in her clothes. In one case, "the Artistic Tea-gown", some fish seem to have come down with the shower: that does happen sometimes. Turning to the "Beauty and Toilet Department", we learn that before going out a woman should "lave" her face with hot rose-water. Would it be too vulgar for the lady to wash her face? "The Daily Round for the Complexion" tells us that a woman-doctor (is she the "Mirror's" family practitioner?) lays it down that "all efforts to be beautiful are bound in time to improve the general health and to increase the physical powers". Especially, we suppose, painting the face, pinching the feet, hopping on high heels and tight-lacing. That lady-doctor's name is doubtless Vera. The Dress Department tells us "how the modern elegante is created". "We talk, ah yes! an infinity about clothes". Ah yes! but very few can talk in that writer's style. Stylishness is the great "line" in the dress department. Children have "garbing" not frocks, a dress is a "dream", and a mixture of satin and lace is "allied loveliness". "The melting of satin into" something is a "delightful suggestion still further enhanced by a frou frou of chiffon frills supporting the dentelle, while to the embroidering of ribbon" &c. is "granted the privilege of hinting at an outline, the fur making the silhouette of the completed creation". And that's the sort of thing Mr. Harmsworth thinks would naturally interest men.

We owe an apology to our readers for transferring such drivel to these pages, but it was necessary to show from the first number of the paper what it was meant to be. If this does hit women's taste in literature, obviously they are inferior animals to men: obviously it would be absurd to put before them any of the big things of the world. But we refuse to believe that educated women will allow this charge to be established against them. The notion of a feminine newspaper is even more abject than of stories for girls. A woman brought up on the conventional story for girls and then on the "Daily Mirror" must plainly be relegated to a harem. We should have to turn Turk in self-defence.

Letters to the Editor

IRELAND AND P.R. ELECTION RESULTS COMPARED

Sir,—The Irish general election, held under proportional representation, has given the following result for the contested seats:—

Party	Votes	Seats	Votes per Seat
Fianna Fail ...	668,000	72	9,300
Fine Gael	428,000	43	9,900
Labour	129,000	9	14,300
Independents ...	61,000	7	8,700

Mr. de Valera's party polled a majority of the votes and secured a majority of the seats, one seat for every 9,300 votes. Mr. Cosgrave's party, though defeated, will have a full share of representation, with one seat for every 9,900 votes. Labour contested many areas, but only in nine areas did its candidates poll the proportion of votes requisite to win a seat. The leaders of all three parties were returned.

What would have happened without P.R.? Labour would have lost all representation; perhaps one Independent might have been returned; Fine Gael would possibly have been so reduced in numbers as to be an ineffective force; Mr. Cosgrave might have been defeated.

The difference in result between P.R. and the British system may be well illustrated by comparing the West of Ireland, where Mr. de Valera has a majority in every county, with the South of England, where the Conservatives have a majority in every county. The figures for contested seats in the seven counties from Donegal to Kerry (Donegal, Galway, Leitrim, Sligo, Clare, Limerick, Kerry) were:—

Party	Votes	Seats
Fianna Fail	182,030	20
Fine Gael	89,204	9
Labour	23,442	1
Independents	13,371	2

In no county did the majority monopolise representation. The Cosgrave minority elected a representative in each. There were only two Independent candidates, Mr. Burke, a farmer in Clare, and Major Myles, representing the old Unionists in Donegal. Both were elected, for each of these minorities had a substantial backing. In Limerick the Labour minority was strong enough to elect its representative.

In Southern England (the eleven counties south of the Thames and Severn) the single-member constituency system gave the following result:—

Party	Votes	Seats
Government	2,068,323	77
Labour	836,573	0
Liberal	320,307	2

The British System if applied in Eire would also have given a grossly unfair result.

Fairness in representation has left its mark on the history of Eire. It was first applied in 1922 after the signing of the Treaty. There was intense bitterness, intimidation, the first mutterings of civil war. The use of P.R. had important consequences. The right to express preferences between pro-Treaty and anti-Treaty candidates enabled the electors to defeat the inter-party pact for a controlled election. The preferences showed a two to one majority for the Treaty. This provided the requisite authority for the constructive work of the Cosgrave Government, which lasted ten years. But P.R. gave fair representation to the defeated party, and Mr. de Valera has steadily gained in popular support, until he now commands a majority. In this election, as in the first, P.R. has given fair representation to the defeated party, this time that of Mr. Cosgrave. Under P.R., Eire has progressed from civil war arising out of Anglo-Irish relations to an Anglo-Irish agreement endorsed by all parties.

Ireland, in its steady use of P.R., has made a valuable contribution to the art of democratic government. Will Ireland make a further contribution? Mr. Lemass, a member of the Government, said, after being elected, "The interests of the country demand that the Dail should become a real council of public representatives working for the common weal"; and there has been increasing talk in Ireland of co-operation in the tasks of government. To pass from civil war to co-operation in national government would be a great step, and a beacon-light for countries in Europe where civil war exists or threatens.

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS,
(The Proportional Representation
Society).

82, Victoria-street (Flat 24),
Westminster, S.W.1.

FINE ARTS AT VENICE

Sir,—Britain is one of the 20 nations represented at the Biennial Exhibition of Fine Art in Venice, and, while a number of contemporary artists have been selected, there appear to be some equally striking omissions.

The absence of works by Augustus John, Sickert and Steer may have a simple explanation, but the fact remains that, without them, a display of contemporary British painting is a bit like Epsom without the Derby.

Modern English painting does not lack vigour and freshness and, indeed, those qualities will not be lacking in the pictures and sculptures chosen for Venice, but one can only lament the absence of some of our 20th century "masters."

Visitors to Venice, however, will have an excellent opportunity of re-assessing not only contemporary European painting, but also the landscapes of Domenico Assari and Carnevali, of Italy; Daubigny and Cézanne, of France; Kobell and Liebermann, of Germany; Van Gogh, Whistler, Sargent and Turner.

JOHN E. MACE,
(Royal Society of British Artists)

Studio Three,
179, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.4.

Your Investments

RE-ENTER WALL-STREET

EXPULSION of nature with a pitchfork is axiomatically impracticable and the London Stock Markets are once more reminded that they cannot exclude Wall-street from the scheme of things. Actually London has done remarkably well to widen the gap between sharply falling prices in New York and the level of British securities which has declined very much more slowly. But we have seen how far London is dependent upon New York, by the rapid rally which has followed Wall-street's revival. More important than the course of U.S. security prices is the American business outlook, for U.S.A. is consumer of about one-half of the world's raw materials and manufacturer of about one-half of the world's products if the self-sufficing nations be excluded. It is the collapse of American demand which has proved so disastrous to commodity prices and has affected British trade directly through the smaller consumptive powers of the primary-producing countries.

Chief factor in the U.S. setback has been the destruction of confidence brought about by the "war" between Washington and "big business." Unless this confidence is allowed to undergo a gentle healing process at the hands of time, it is difficult to see how America's revival can be lasting or effective. But it has been pointed out in these columns on more than one occasion that the value of British industrial securities depends on Britain's ability to weather the storm of U.S. depression.

"COMMODITY" SHARES

First to respond to hopes of better things in U.S.A. were the "commodity" shares and particularly Rubber and Copper-mining issues. Rubber as a commodity is as resilient in price as in nature and the shares usually forecast rather than follow the commodity's fortunes. Thus, Rubber shares, prior to their recent rise, were at levels giving yields of 7 per cent. to 10 per cent. for the leaders and double-figure returns for the more obscure issues. They have come up rapidly on the rally in the commodity to 7d. per lb. and until prospects of U.S. revival take more definite shape, the shares seem to have discounted prospects to a large extent. But they are worth attention on any reaction and such a sound issue as Rubber Plantations Investment Trust at 28s. yielding about 7 per cent., or Anglo-Dutch Plantations, largely dependent on Tea at around the same price, must prove lucrative as a speculative lock-up.

Such has been the fall in Copper shares and in the metal that the outlook offers considerably more

scope for capital appreciation. Roan Antelope at 17s. put on 3s. in about a week and this is only an indication of the fluctuations of which they are capable. The long-term future of the Northern Rhodesia copper industry looks definitely assured and for this reason a purchase of Roan Antelope or of Selection Trust, a holding company, at 22s., cannot go far wrong.

AIRCRAFTS AGAIN

It is curious how the diversion of speculative interest from one section of Stock Markets to another leaves shares high and dry in a desert of inattention. Only a few weeks ago what activity there was in markets focussed itself on Aircraft shares and the rise was substantial. Now this attention has departed in search of profits in Rubbers, Mines, or Transatlantics and dealings in the former Aircraft favourites are unnoticed. But the shares have maintained their prices and when speculative attention returns to them a fresh rise will be registered. In the meantime the Air Minister is talking of shadow factory extensions and greater manufacturing activity which is already assured until 1940 so that prospects cannot be said to have been discounted. Aircraft shares are outstanding in the armament group as attractive investments and here again the future of the industry over a long period is bright. The 6½ per cent. yield on Fairey Aviation 10s. shares at 26s. and the 6 per cent. yield on De Havilland at 41s. are high enough to be tempting on such established issues but the more speculative return of nearly 8 per cent. on Hawker Siddeley at 27s. 6d. promises still more in the way of capital appreciation. Nor should the sound £5 3s. per cent. return on Blackburn Aircraft at 24s. be overlooked. Aircraft seem to be in a similar position to that of the motor industry in its infancy, save for the artificial stimulus given by the adaptability of the industry's products to the uses of War.

ENGINEERING YIELDS

Nor should it be possible for the prosperous engineering trades in this country to lose their business in the course of a year or two as present prices of the shares suggest. Banister Walton 5s. shares at under 11s. offer the fantastic yield of over 11¼ per cent. while there are a number of 9 per cent. and 10 per cent. yields in this list. A share which seems to offer sound investment attractions is that of Birmid Industries priced at around 41s. to return £6 3s. per cent. This was formerly the Birmingham Aluminium Castings and it supplies the aircraft as well as the motor and other branches of the engineering industry with light aluminium castings for which there is an increasing demand. All through the recent depression in industrials this share held its price well.

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